

## 50 Cent "Homicide"

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Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh

I change places, to prevent catchin' the cases  
Races, in the faces, hall at you laces  
This is a hit, let's see if homicide trace this

The only thing hotter than my flow is the block (inhale  
and exhale)  
That's why I left this snow biz, and got into show biz  
Let's get this clear, it ain't on 'til I say it's on, (pause),  
it's on  
I'm eatin', ya'll niggas fastin' like it's Rimadon  
Bowlsh way in Lebanon, know 50 the bomb  
I be at the edge of the bar, sippin' a Don  
I keep the bottle just in case, you never know when it's  
on  
This worries bump, I can't go wrong, my team's too  
strong  
You want war? I take you to war, now that my money  
long  
Why you broke? cat's buy the by lines and fantasize  
The way I'm spittin', put TV's in everything I'm sittin'  
While I'm hot to death, I'm gonna say this to all you  
playa haters  
Ya'll should hate the game, not the playas (c'mon)

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Everyday is bugged, niggas'll come to a club  
To try to show you they a thug, instead of showing  
some love  
Now, what you think you chump me, If I let you bump  
me  
When I'm about to make a mill, faster than you make a  
G (haha)  
I know I lie, it's a habit, I vow to clean the city like the  
mayor  
And in the crack game, I'm a franchise player  
Niggas be thinkin' I be out to lunch with mines

Then in crunch time, I start hittin' 'em hard with punch  
lines  
You cats got to be sick, to think 50 can't spit  
Better check my batting average, I always make hits  
My flows leave these rap cats ketro (ketro), all across  
the metro (metro)  
Plus I pack a cannon, up under my marple cannon  
They fake, they look like money, but ain't worth half the  
cake  
Have me runnin' from Jake, in a GS with bad brakes  
They want to knock me take, for Christ sakes

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Yo, son remember them fake playas  
Who try to play us at The Shark Club in Vegas  
Had them tight linen blazers, and beat up gators  
Lookin' like last year's playas, (pause)  
Yeah, I could tell they dough was low  
When we came through the do'  
I copped a case of Cristal, and copped one bottle of Mo  
From the looking through face, and the bulge in his  
waist, he holdin'  
(Yeah he's packin', I can see his rack  
The one in the middle, he a big man, I dealt with him  
son)  
Yeah, so I expect look like they ain't had a run, since '81  
They ain't here on a hunt for food,  
So they could catch you, some cash, and expensive  
jewels  
I'm gonna crash 'em with this bottle if he move  
I ain't the one son, my shit ain't come easy  
It won't go easy, believe me

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